

On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

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I had a friend,
I loaned him ten;
I haven't seen
My friend since then.

Another friend,
He borrowed five;
I doubt if he
Is still alive.

For one more friend
I signed a note,
He disappeared;
I was the goat.

I'm not convinced
That, in the end,
A feller is
His own best friend.

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Take two days off.

Hire a taxicab and ride for three or four hours.

Tip a parlor car porter as much as he expects, just once.

Annex a fur-trimmed overcoat.

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